No. 4.

TWELVE

FAVOURITE SONGS,

WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC,

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY THE TRANSLATOR

OF

THE GERMAN ERATO, ETC.

BERLIN,

SOLD BY H. FRÖLICH; AND BY MESSIEURS BAUMGÄRTNERS, LEIPSIC.

1800.

HIRSCH
B M
LIBRARY

TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES, THE FOLLOWING ATTEMPT TO TRANSPLANT THE MUSIC AND POETRY OF HER NATIVE COUNTRY INTO HIS OWN, IS INSCRIBED WITH GREAT RESPECT, BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S MOST OBEDIENT AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE TRANSLATOR.

HIRSCH
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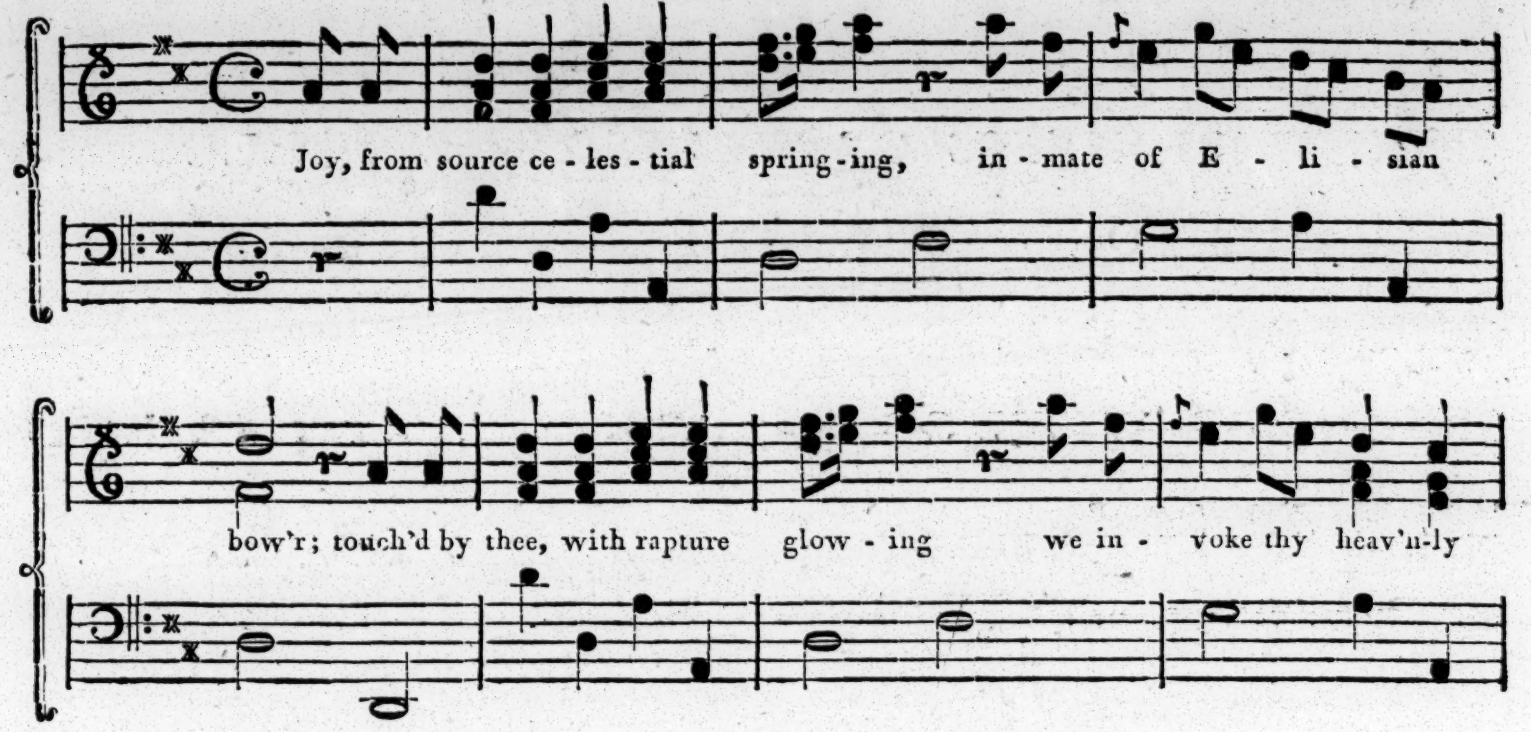
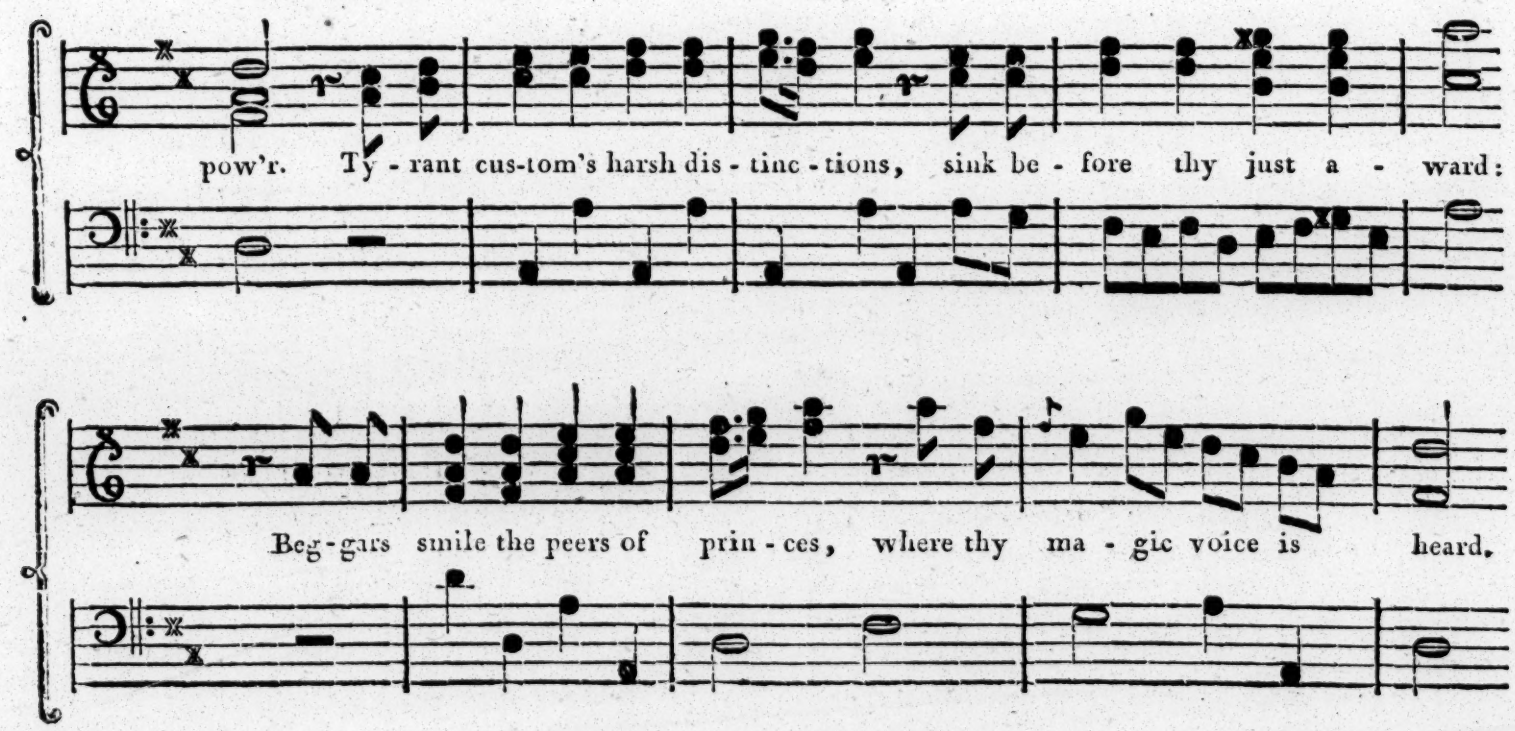
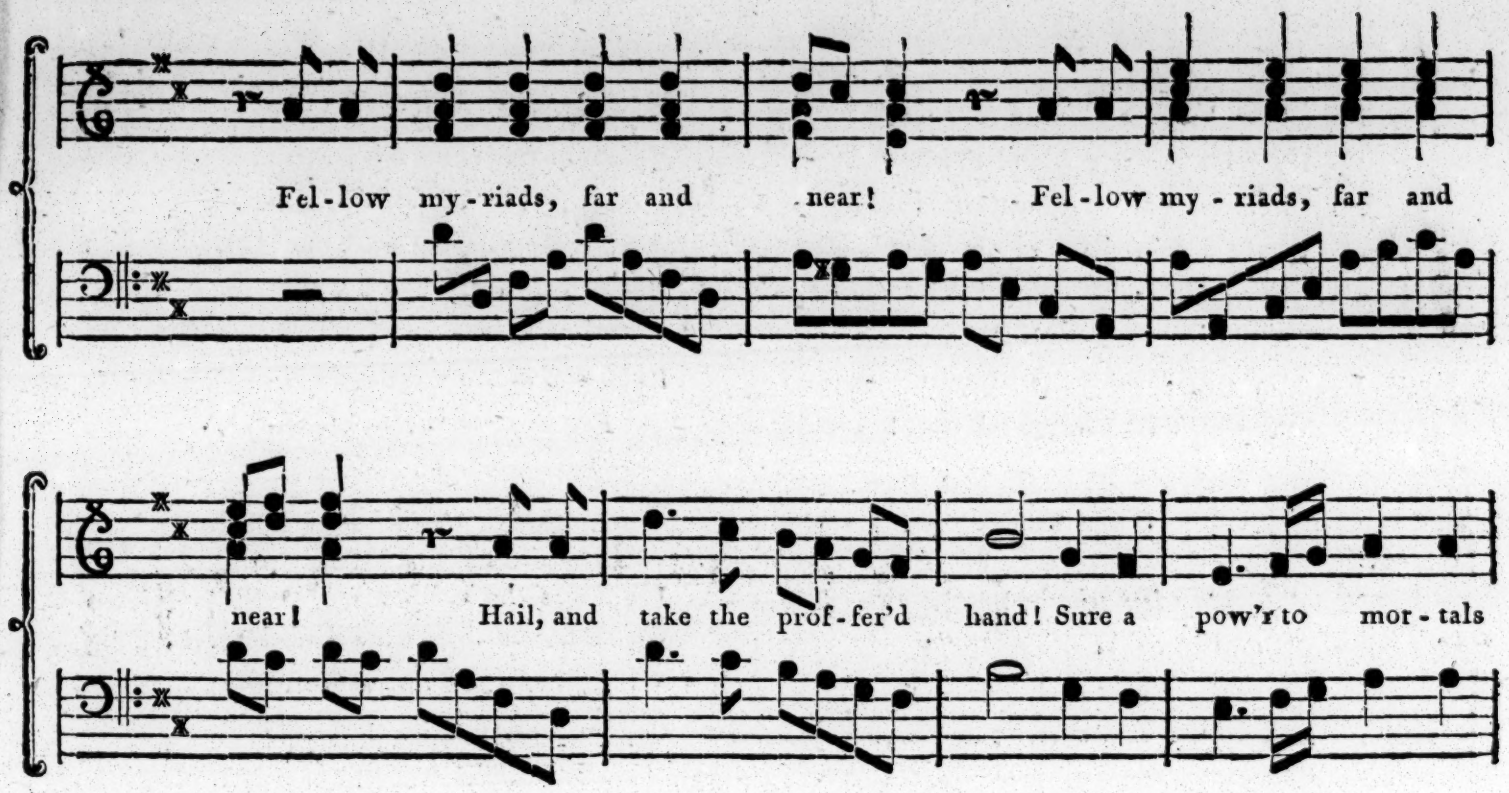
HYMN TO JOY.

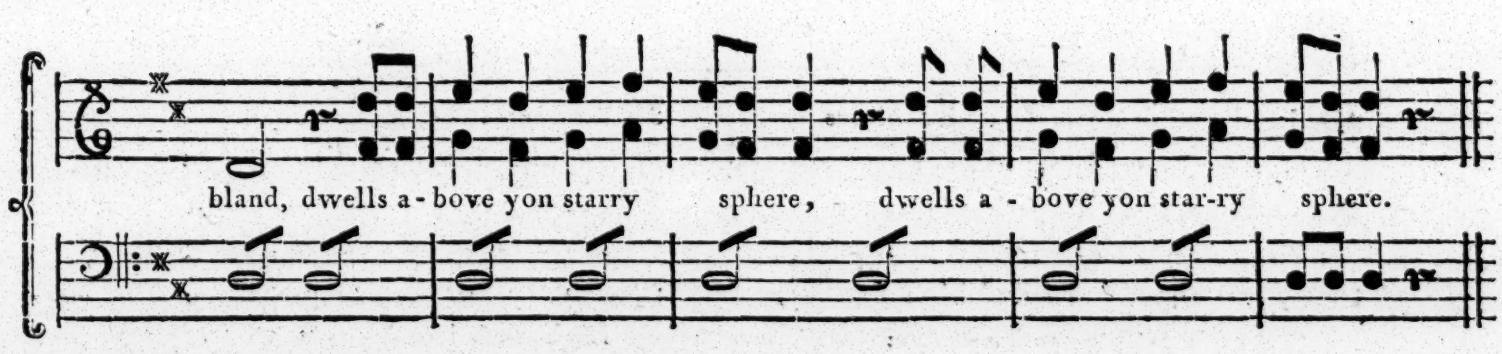
A MASONIC SONG.

Anonymous.









I.

JOY, from source celestial springing,
Inmate of Elisian bow'r;
Touch'd by thee, with rapture glowing,
We invoke thy heav'nly pow'r.
Tyrant custom's harsh distinctions
Sink before thy just award: —
Beggars smile the peers of princes,
Where thy magic voice is heard.

CHORUS.

Fellow myriads, far and near!
Hail, and take the proffer'd hand!
Sure a pow'r to mortals bland,
Dwells above yon starry sphere!

II.

He whom happier fortune favours,
He who boasts a friend that's true; —
He whom love's soft transport kindles; —
Let him join the gladsome crew.
But the wretch whose wayward fortunes,
Love and friendship's boons restrain;
Let him quit the joyous banquet; —
Weeping quit the genial train!

CHOR.

Sacred pow'r of sympathy!
All creation owns thy sway:
To the brighter realms of day
Thou shalt lift thy votary!

III.

All that breathes through varied nature
Sips the nectar'd cup of Joy:
Good and bad, with equal ardour,
Fondly crowd her roseate way.
Love, and wine, and friendship's treasure,
Joy with lavish hand bestows:
Joy the abject reptile gladdens, —
While on high the seraph glows!

CHOR.

Mortals, own the deity;
Own the pow'r of nature's lord.
Let the rapt'rous loud accord
Reach the blissful seats on high!

IV.

Joy, unceasing source of motion,
Animates the varied scene;
Potent spring of wide creation,
Joy impels the vast machine.
Buds to flow'rs, her influence ripens,
Suns, she draws from realms of day;
Rolls the spheres through boundless æther,
Far beyond the tube's survey.

CHOR.

Joyous as the rolling sphere
Wanders through ætherial space,
Let us speed our mortal race;
Gayly speed our short career!

V.

Smiling sweet in truth's bright mirror,
Joy the searcher's toil requites;
Joy, the prize of mild endurance,
Leads to virtue's steepy heights.
See, on faith's refulgent mountain,
High aloft her banners wave.
Joy pervades the choir of angels; —
Joy shall reach the darksome grave.

CHOR.

Learn the ills of life to bear,
Check the tear, and still the sigh;
Heav'n rewards the victory,
High above yon spangled sphere.

VI.

Nought requites indulgent heaven: —
Let us emulate its care.
Sons of poverty and sorrow,
Haste and find a welcome here.
Fell revenge and bitter rancour
Shun the social gay retreat:
Here, be ev'ry foe forgiven; —
Pardon ev'ry wrong await!

CHOR.

Jars and broils, no more be heard!
Peace her olive-wand displays.
He, whose eye the globe surveys,
Soon shall judge as we award!

VII.

Sparkling high in flowing glaſses,
Flights sublime shall joy inspire: —
Cannibals inhale soft mercy;
Wild despair, — heroic fire.
Now the foaming goblet circles,
Gayly quaff the gen'rous wine.
Wine the gift of bounteous nature!
Praise the pow'r that gave the vine!

CHOR.

He whose praise the tuneful spheres
Chant in ceaseleſs harmony;
He who dwells above the sky,
Gave the vine to soothe our cares!

VIII.

Calmly bear the frowns of fortune;
Soothe the heart oppreſs'd with woe:
Sacred keep the plighted promise;
True alike to friend and foe.
Manly pride display to princes;
Give to modest worth its due;
Cherish truth and all its vot'ries;
Deprecate the perjur'd crew.

CHOR.

Closer knit our holy bands;
Low at truth's bright altar bow.
Swear to keep the plighted vow;
Swear by him who all commands!

IX.

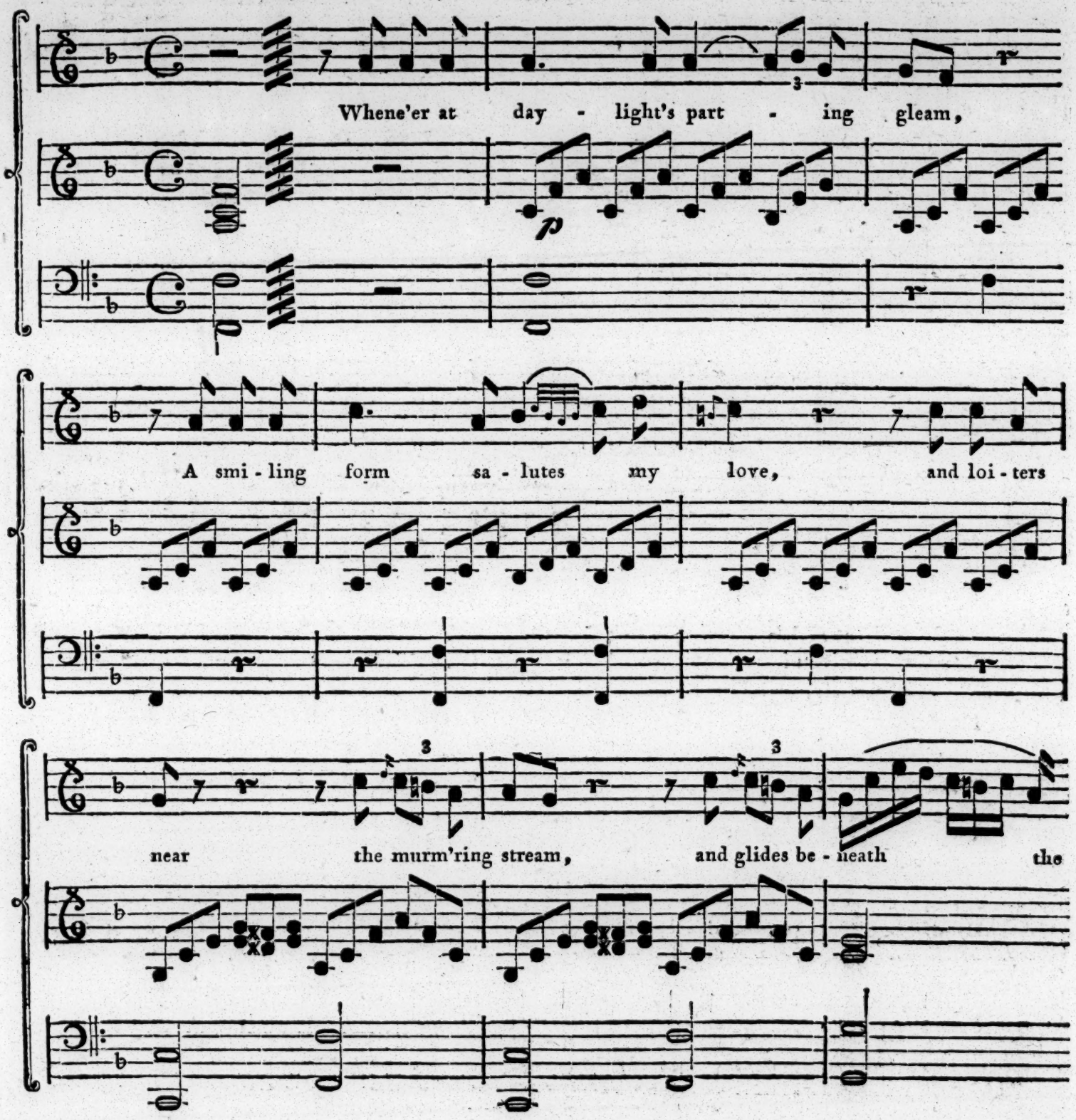
Wide may sacred freedom triumph! —
E'en may pity vice await; —
Hope attend life's latest glimmer; —
Mercy ward the felon's fate.
Lo, the shrowded dead shall quicken!
Mortals, list, and heav'n adore.
Ev'ry crime shall be forgiven;
Death and hell shall be no more!

CHOR.

Peace at life's departing scene;
Soft repose beneath the tomb: —
Looks benign and gracious doom,
From the awful judge of men!

SONG.

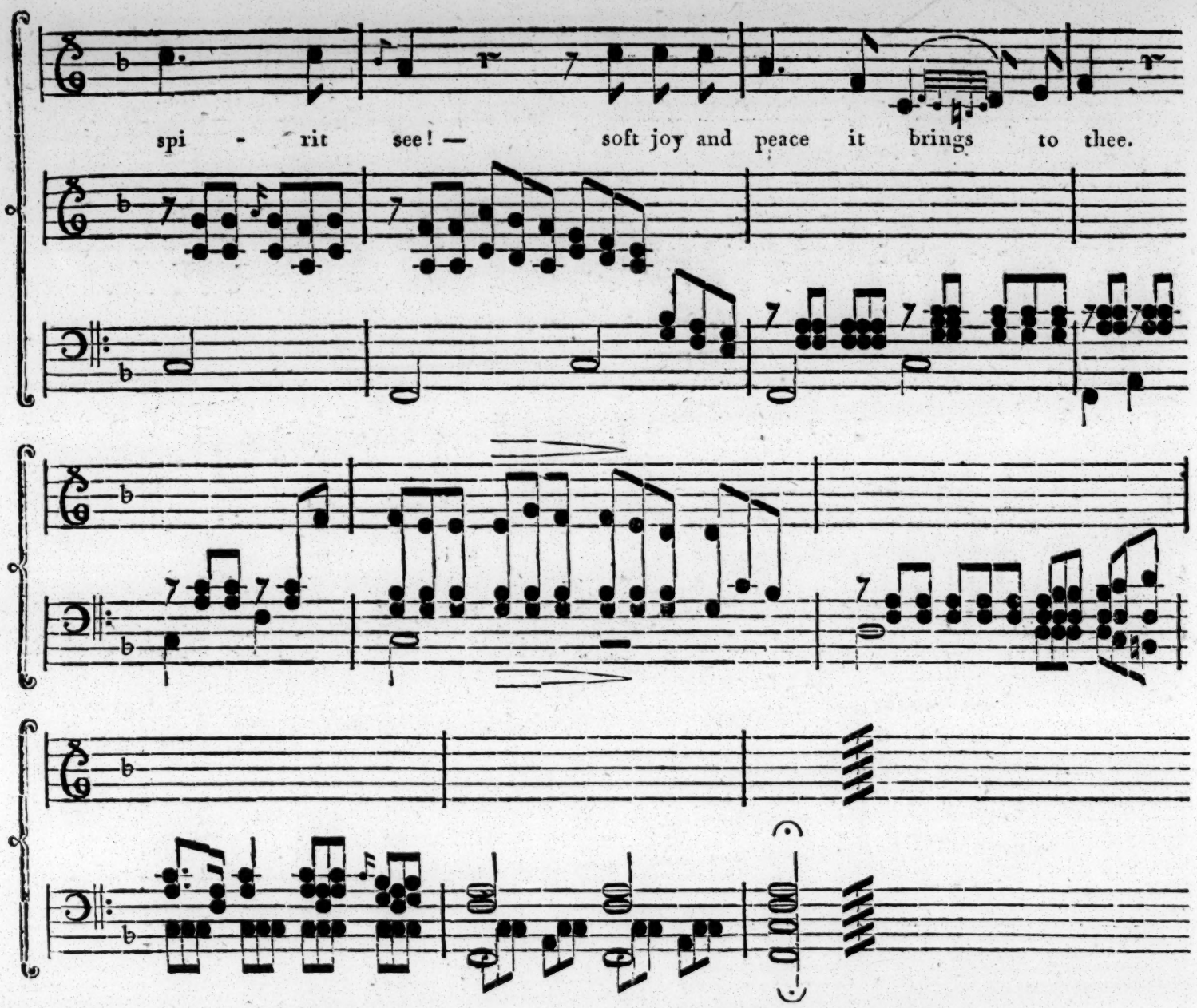
Adagio e con espressione. *Sterkel.*



con - scious grove; and glides be - neath the con - scious

grove; ah, then thy Da - mon's spi - rit see: —

soft joy and peace it brings to thee. ah, then thy Da - mon's



I.

Whene'er at daylight's parting gleam,
A smiling form salutes my love,
And loiters near the murm'ring stream,
And glides beneath the conscious grove;
Ah! then thy Damon's see: — *spirit*
Soft joy and peace it brings to thee.

II.

And when at moonlight's sober ray
Thou dream'st perchance of love and me,
As through the pines the breezes play,
And whisper dying melody; —
When tender bodings prompt the sigh; —
Thy Damon's spirit hovers nigh.

III.

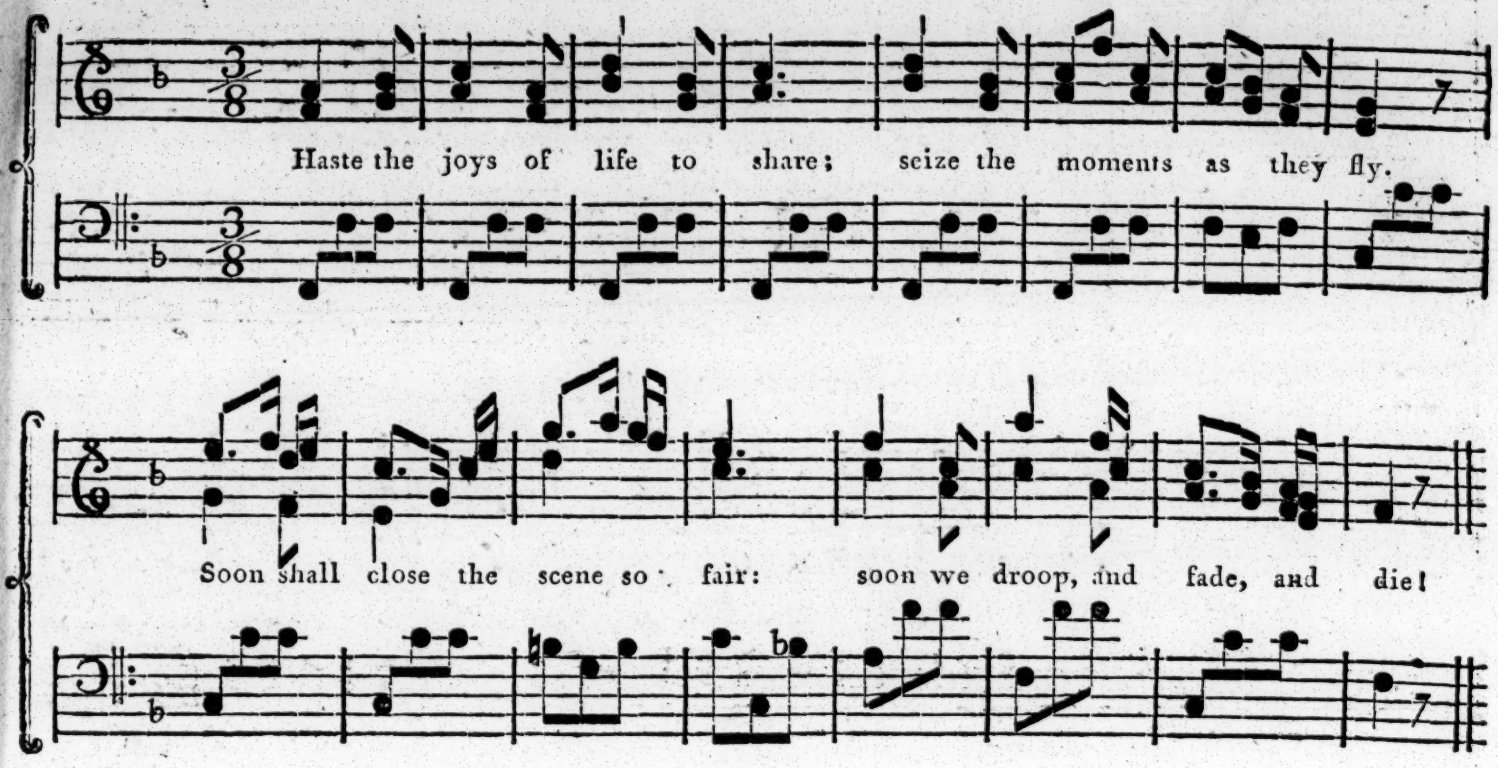
When o'er thy mind soft musings steal,
As thou the pleasing past hast scann'd;
Shouldst thou a gentle preſsure feel,
Like Zephyr's kiſs, o'er lip and hand; —
And should the glimm'ring taper fade: —
Then near thee bides thy lover's shade.

IV.

And when at midnight's solemn tide,
As soft the rolling planets shine;
Like Æol's harp, thy couch beside,
Thou hear'st the word, "forever thine!"
Then slumber sweet, my spirit's there,
And peace and joy it brings my fair!

DITHYRAMBUS.

Vivace. *Reichardt.*



I.

Haste the joys of life to share;
Seize the moments as they fly.
Soon shall close the scene so fair: —
Soon we droop, and fade, and die!

II.

Laugh at physic's pert grimace;
Shun the water-drinking train: —
Wine that soothes the soul's disease,
Soothes alike the body's pain.

III.

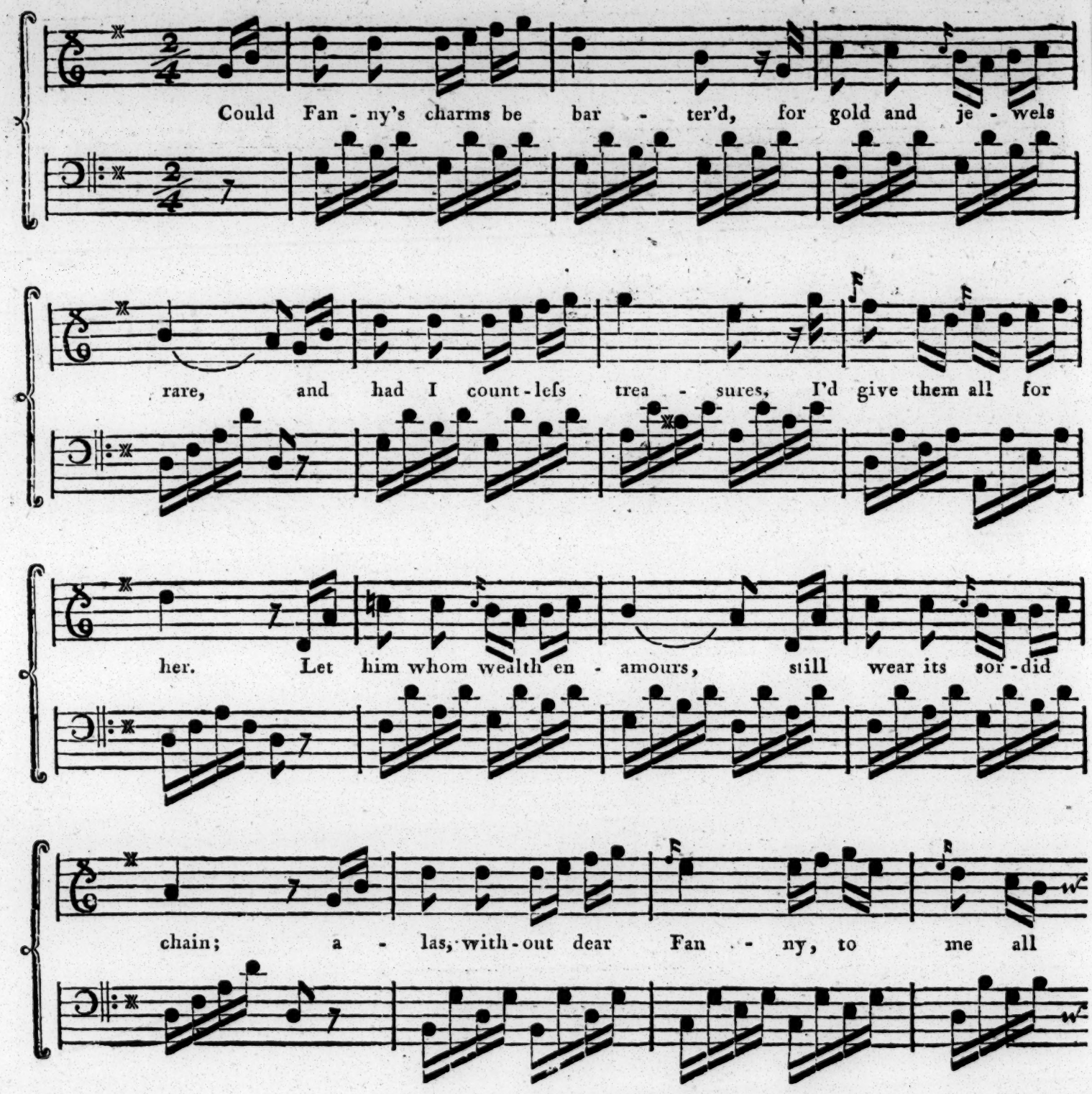
Wine, the balm kind nature pours,
Rosy health and bloom supplies.
Crown the bowl with fairest flow'rs;
Drink — and glee at bottom lies.

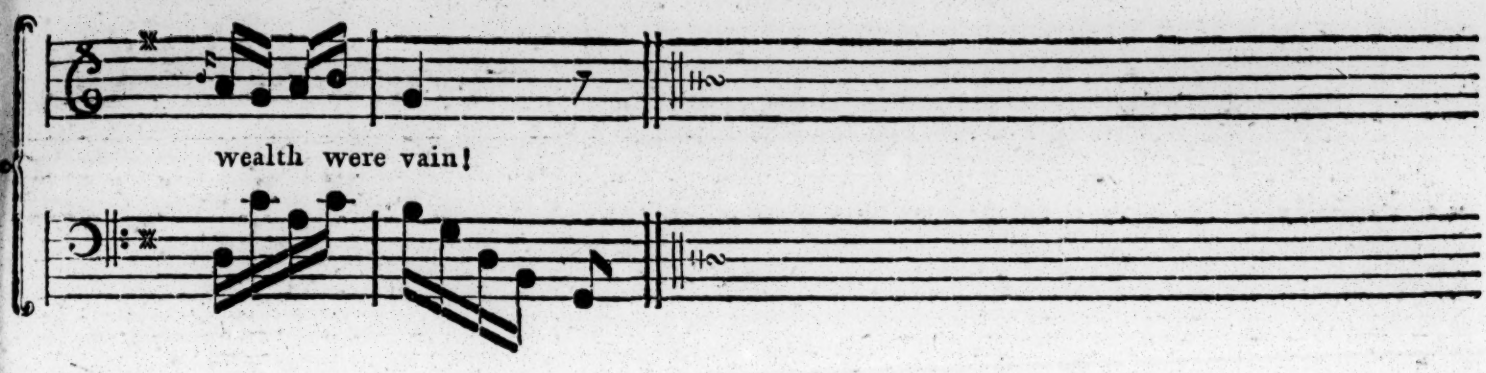
IV.

Now his rites let Bacchus claim,
Let his fragrant altars burn: —
Soon shall Love the breast inflame.
Love shall triumph in his turn!

FANNY'S WORTH.

Amoroso. *Pleyel.*





I.

COULD Fanny's charms be barter'd,
For gold and jewels rare; —
And had I countleſs treasures,
I'd give them all for her!
Let him whom wealth enamours,
Still wear its sordid chain;
Alas, without dear Fanny,
To me all wealth were vain!

II.

If Europe's ample regions
My potent sway should own;
And could I Fanny purchase,
I'd gladly yield my crown.
For city, throne, and palace,
And wide-extended mead,
I'd take my blooming Fanny,
Were all I own'd a shed.

III.

Tho' fate alone determines,
How long we loiter here;
Yet could I wing the minutes,
And speed their swift career;
Whole years, I swear, should vanish,
For hours, were she my own; —
For hours, and dearest Fanny,
But mine, and mine alone!

SONG.

Allegro. *Mozart.*

Love, from those bright eyes im - part - ing, soft de - sire and am'rous

care, through my breast his ar - rows dar - ting, lives and

reigns a ty - rant there. On thy cheek with blush-es glow-ing, when I

print the ea - ger kiſs, heart and ſoul with

joy o'er - flo - wing, ſcarce can bear the thril - ling bliſs, the thril - ling

bliſs, the thril - ling bliſs! Dear - eſt mai - den whilſt I hold thee,

'gainst my pant - ing flutt'ring heart;—whilst my tremb-ling arms en -

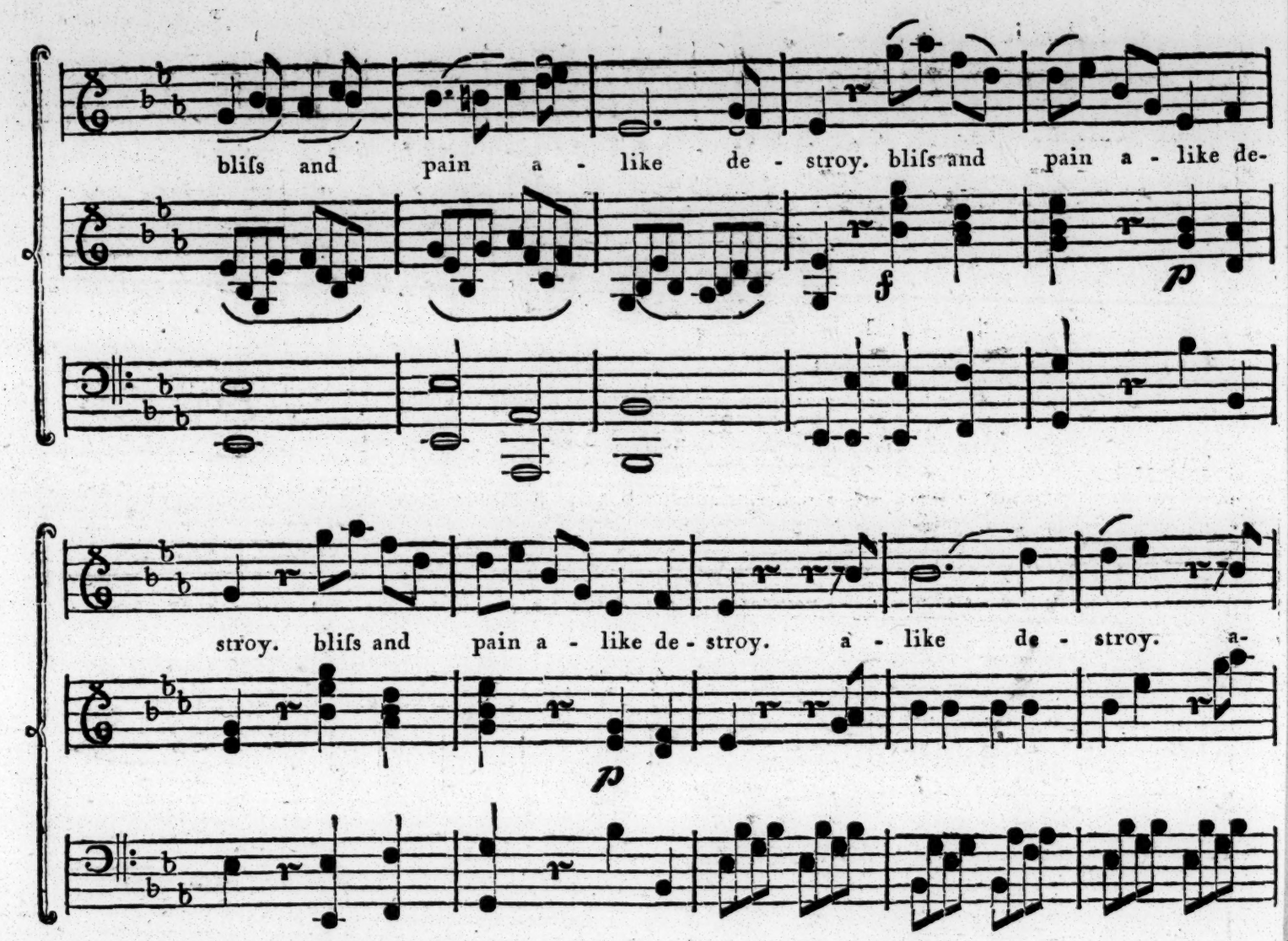
fold thee, madd' - ning madd' - ning bliſs thy

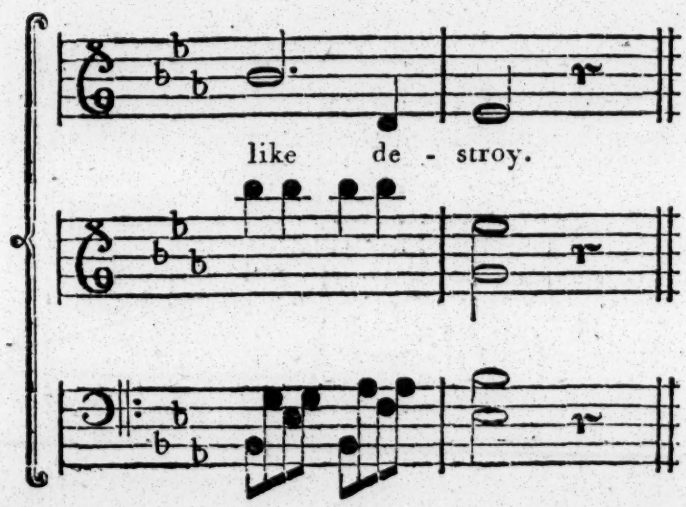
charms im - part. But too soon my ra - vish'd sen - ses, sink be-

neath oppreſsive joy, sink be - neath op - pref - sive joy. Life and

death thy smile dis - pen-ses, dis - pen-ses, dis - pen-ses; blifs and

pain a - like de - stroy. dis - pen-ses, dis - pen-ses, dis - pen - ses;

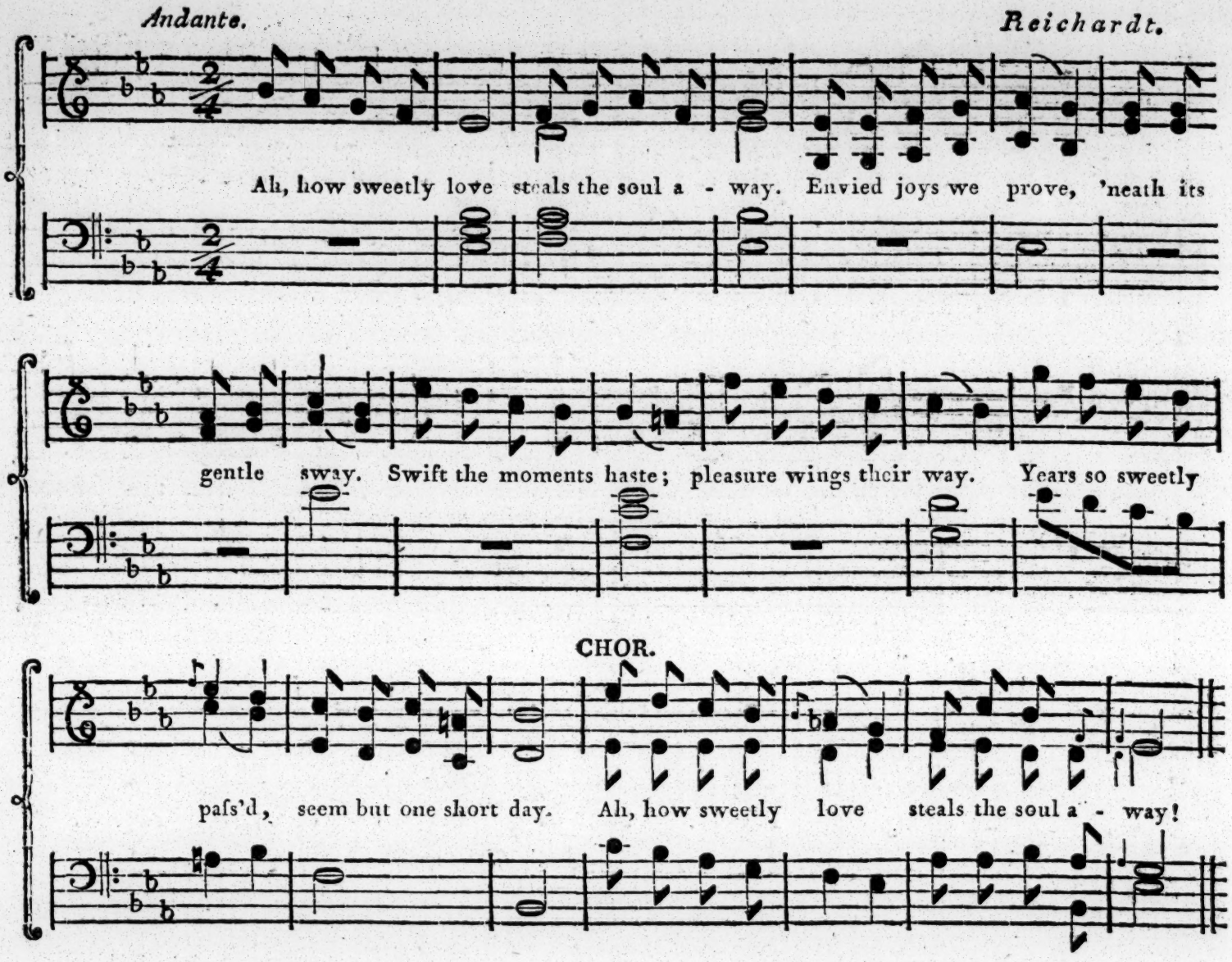




LOVE, from those bright eyes imparting
Soft desire and am'rous care;
Through my breast his arrows darting,
Lives and reigns a tyrant there.
On thy cheek with blushes glowing,
When I print the eager kiſs;
Heart and soul with joy o'erflowing,
Scarce can bear the thrilling bliss!
Dearest maiden! whilst I hold thee,
'Gainst my panting flutt'ring heart;—
Whilst my trembling arms enfold thee,
Madd'ning bliss thy charms impart!
But too soon my ravish'd senses,
Sink beneath oppreſsive joy:
Life and death thy smile dispenses!
Bliſs and pain alike destroy!

SONG.

Andante. *Reichardt.*



I.

AH, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away.
Envied joys we prove,
'Neath its gentle sway.
Swift the moments haste;
Pleasure wings their way.
Years so sweetly pafs'd,
Seem but one short day.
Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away!

II.

Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away!
Light our labours prove,
While it gilds the day.
Duty grows a charm;
Smooth, life's rugged way.
Love's kind beams can warm
Winter's chillest day.
Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away!

SONG.

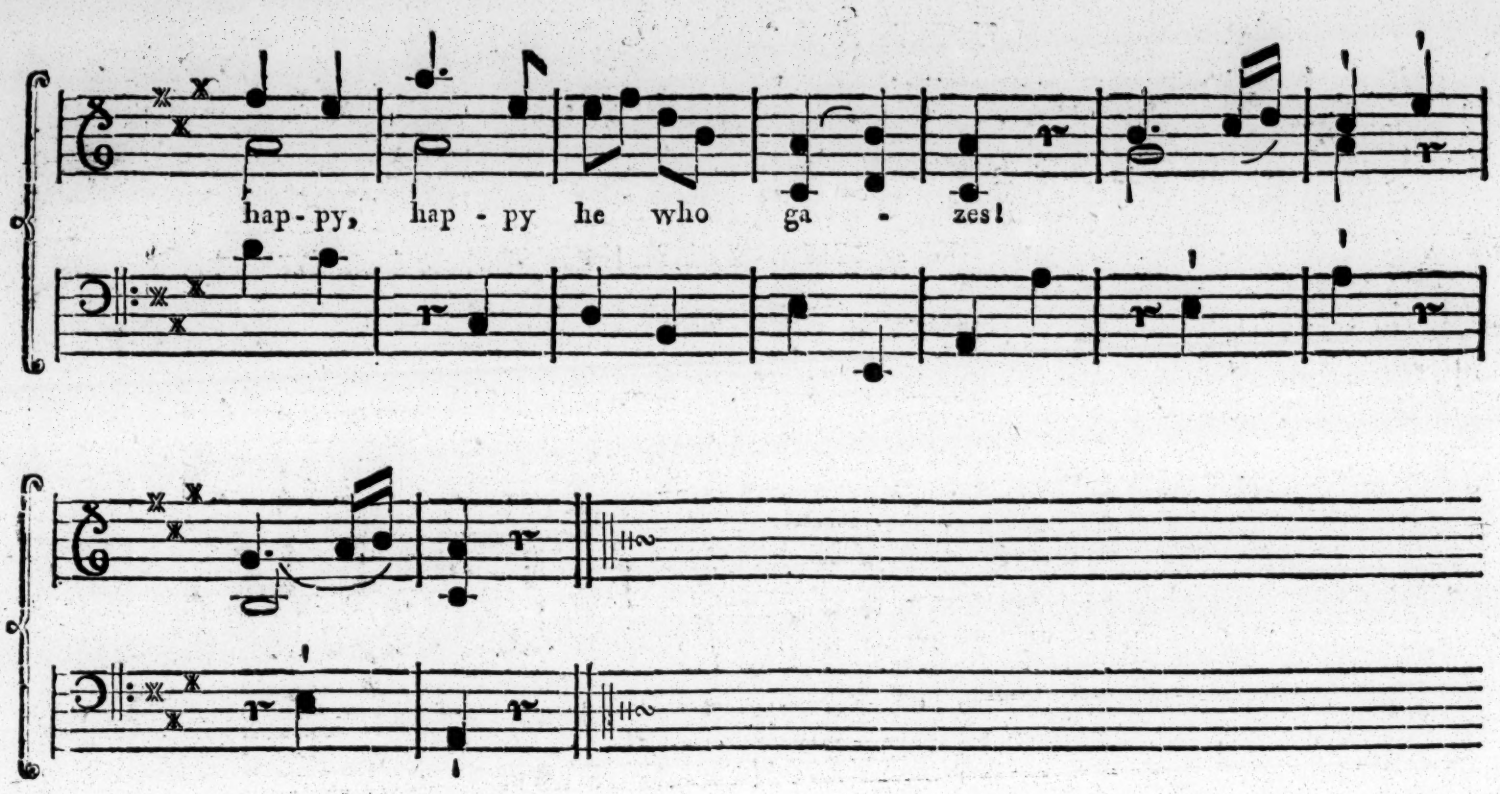
Schultz.

Sweetly blooms the op'n-ing rose, Spring's gay prime a - dorn-

ing; When un - pluckt and free it grows, bath'd with dew of

morn - ing. But the blush on Lau-ra's cheek, sweet-er

wonder rai - ses. Haunts of love her dimples sleek; Hap- py,



I.

SWEETLY blooms the op'ning rose,
Spring's gay prime adorning,
When unpluckt and free it grows,
Bath'd with dew of morning.
But the blush on Laura's cheek,
Sweeter wonder raises;
Haunts of Love, her dimples sleek;
Happy he who gazes!

II.

Softly Zephyr bends the spray,
Fragrance softly showers; —
Wafting all the sweets of May,
Stole from new-born flowers.
But her accents softer fall;
(Nameless grace endears them:)
Rudest hearts their sounds enthral;
Happy he who hears them!

VERNAL LOVE.

Andante. *Schultz.*

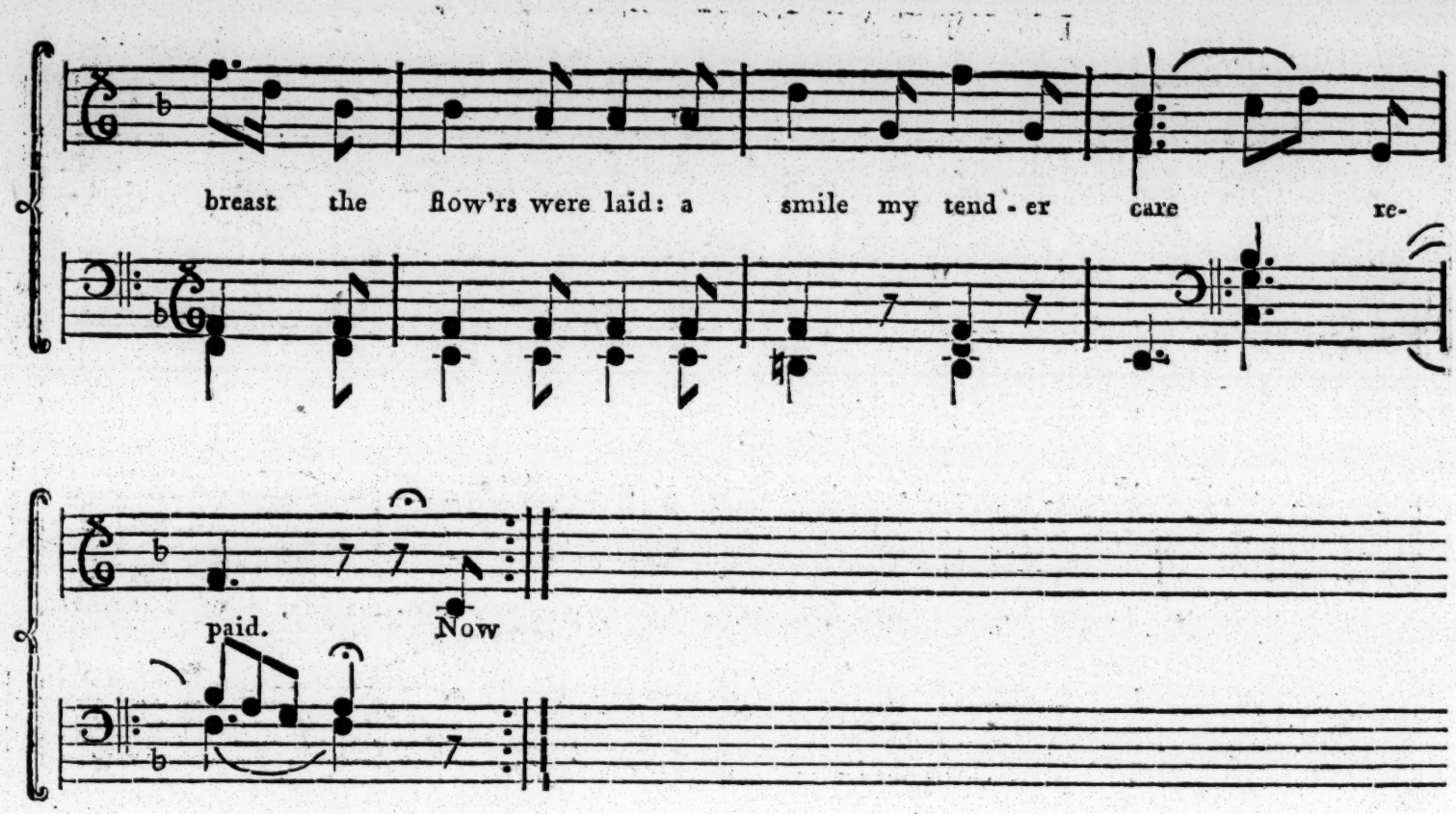
The lark was up, se - rene the day, the mead in ver - nal

beau - ty gay; the swel - ling buds the trees o'er-spread, the dai - sy rear'd its

mo - dest head. I rov'd the lake's green mar - gin round, where late the snow had

Andantino.

chill'd the ground, and many a new - born vi' - let found. On Fan - ny's



I.

THE lark was up, serene the day,
The mead in vernal beauty gay;
The swelling buds the trees o'erspread,
The daisy rear'd its modest head.
I rov'd the lake's green margin round,
Where late the snow had chill'd the ground,
And many a new-born vi'let found.

On Fanny's breast the flow'rs were laid:
A smile my tender care repaid.

II.

Now here, now there, a shrub was seen,
That mark'd the grove with early green.
The streamlet, murm'ring down the glade,
Renew'd the cresset's deepen'd shade.
The mossy bank invites repose:
We sat, and caught each melting close
Of hapless Philomela's woes.

A simple wreath, her brows to bind,
Of varied moss my fair entwin'd.

III.

Then careless, hand in hand, we stray'd,
Till ev'ning cast a lengthen'd shade.
Sweet odours fill'd the breezy air,
As bloom'd the primrose fresh and fair.
Deep blush'd the sky at daylight's close,
The lake with streaming purple glows,
And bright the full-orb'd moon arose.

The falt'ring step, the heaving breast,
My Fanny's silent joy confess'd.

IV.

Her crimson'd cheek and loose attire,
The soft alarms of love inspire.
Again we sat, and, all reclin'd,
Inhal'd the blossom-scented wind:
Nor ought I spoke, nor ought she said;
My trembling frame, my tears, betray'd
The empire of the peerless maid.

But, ah! what transports seiz'd my soul,
The first dear kiss I softly stole!

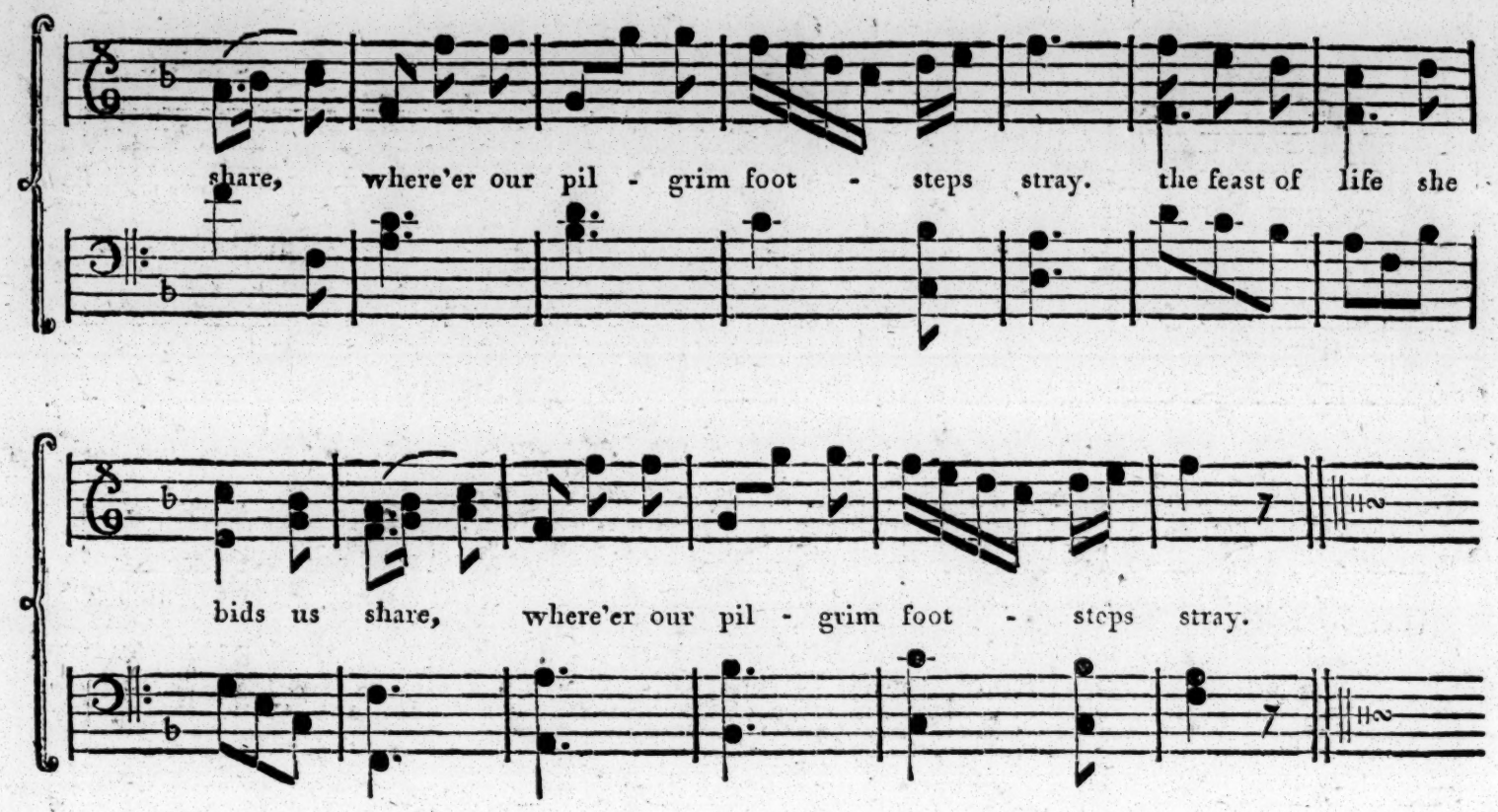
INVITATION TO JOY.

Say, who would mope in joy - leſs plight, while youth and spring be-

deck the scene, and scorn the prof - fer'd gay de - light, with thankleſs

heart and frown - ing mien? See joy with becks and smiles ap - pear,

while ro - ses strew the de - vious way; the feast of life she bids us



I.

SAY, who would mope in joyleſs plight,
While youth and spring bedeck the scene;
And scorn the proffer'd gay delight,
With thankleſs heart and frowning mien?
See Joy with becks and smiles appear,
While roses strew the devious way;
The feast of life she bids us share,
Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

II.

And still the grove is cool and green,
And clear the bubbling fountain flows;
Still shines the night's resplendent queen,
As erst in Paradise she rose:
The grapes their purple nectar pour,
To 'suage the heart that griefs oppreſs;
And still the lonely ev'ning-bow'r,
Invites and screens the stolen kiſs.

III.

Still Philomela's melting strain,
Responsive to the dying gale,
Beguiles the bosom's throbbing pain,
And sweetly charms the list'ning vale!
Creation's scene expanded lies; —
Blest scene! how wond'rous bright and fair!
Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,
Let me the lavish'd bounties share!

SONG.

Umlauf.

To Stephen in a dream, a gray-hair'd spec - tre

p *sfz.* *p* *pp.* *sfz.* *p*

cries; "For thee, a-down the stream, a hid - den trea - sure lies. Then

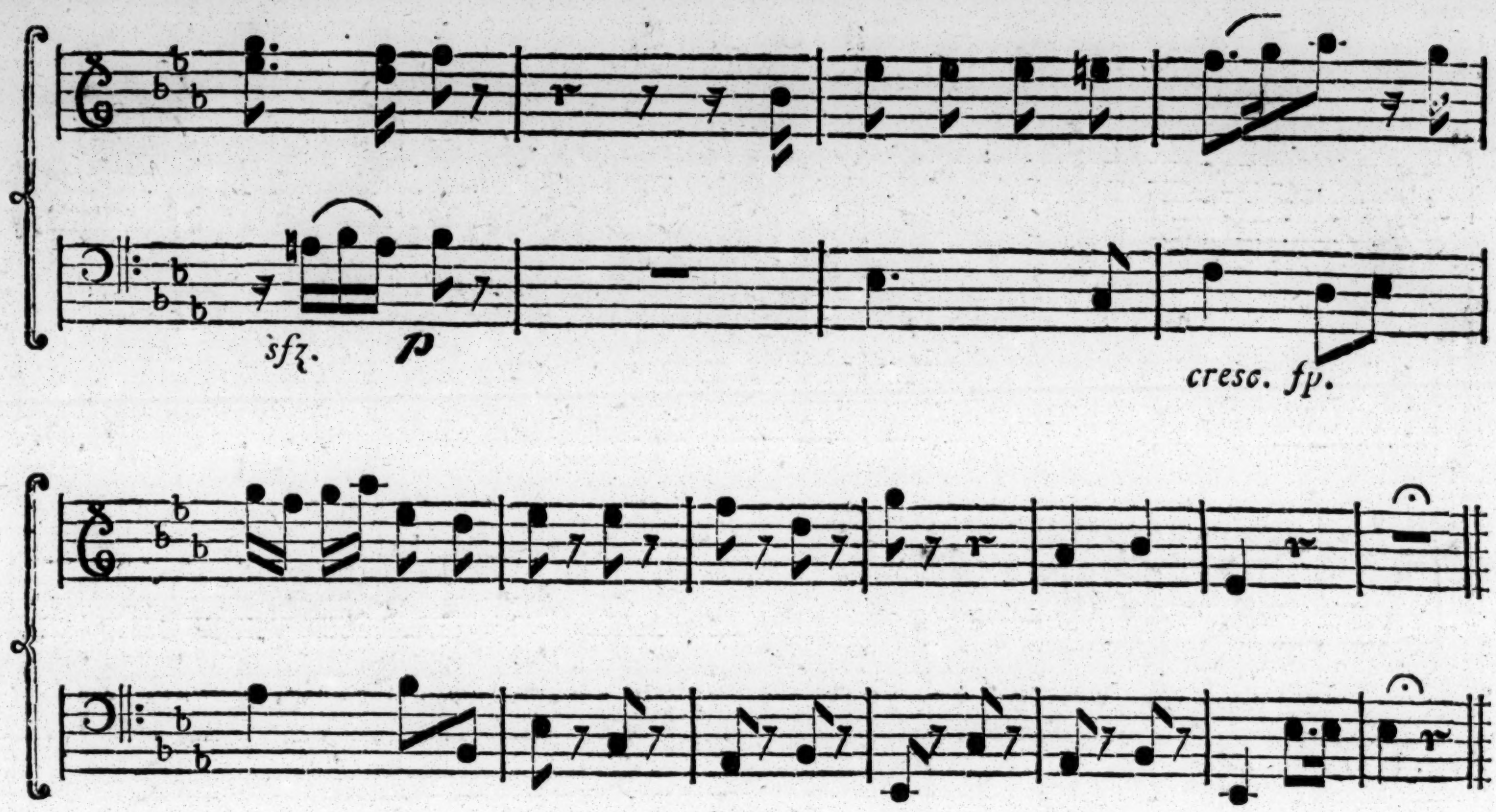
sfz. *p* *sf.* *p*

haste at mid-night's gloom, where 'loud the tor - rent flows; 'Tis there I nightly

sf. *p* *crescendo.* *f*

roam: my ghost finds no re - pose. my ghost finds no re - pose."

sf. *p* *sf.* *f*



I.

TO Stephen in a dream,
A gray-hair'd spectre cries;
"For thee adown the stream,
"A hidden treasure lies.
"Then haste at midnight's gloom,
"Where 'loud the torrent flows;
"'Tis there I nightly roam:
"My ghost finds no repose."

II.

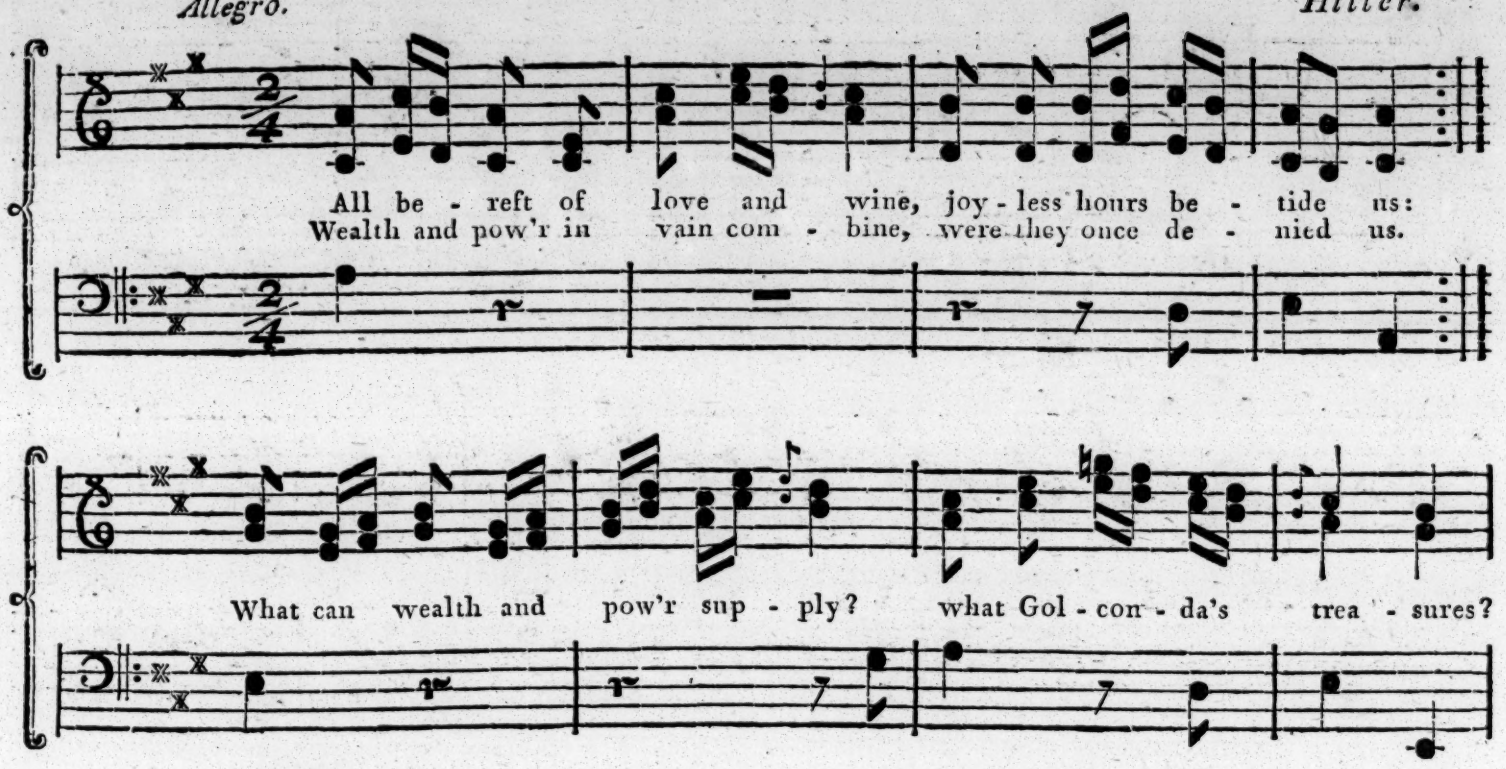
His mate cries, "Haste, my dear,
"O haste adown the stream:
"The howling winds I hear;
"'Tis sure no idle dream."
He hies the wealth to spy,
The gloomy tempests low'r;
From tombs the spectres cry,
The screech-owl from the tow'r.

III.

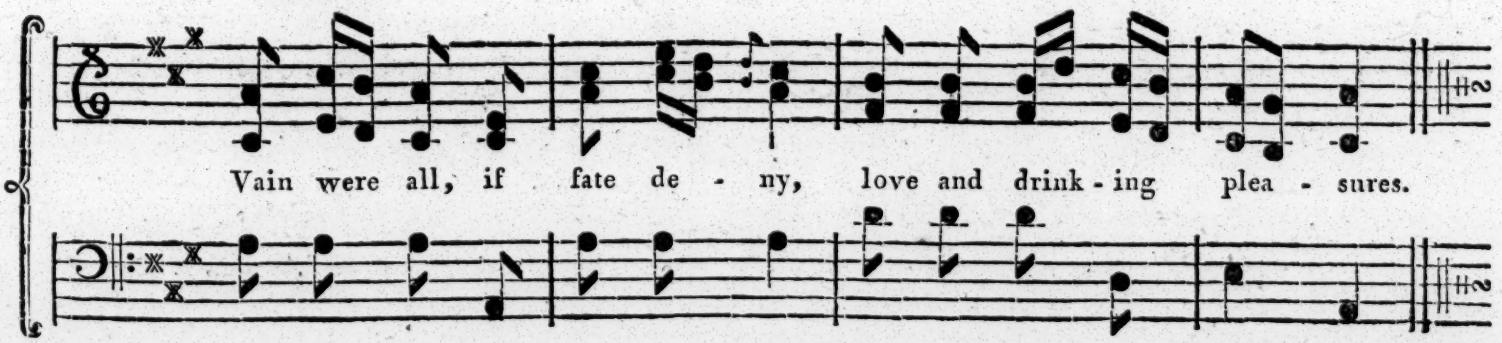
Adown the brook he stole,
The restless sprite was there: —
It seiz'd him by the poll;
He quak'd and shook with fear.
And lo, to deck his pate,
Two spreading antlers rise: —
He rues his wayward fate,
Then homeward sneaking hies!

SONG.

Allegro. *Hiller.*



CHOR.



I.

ALL bereft of love and wine,
Joyless hours betide us:
Wealth and pow'r in vain combine,
Were they once denied us.
What can wealth and pow'r supp'y?
What Golconda's treasures?
Vain were all, if fate deny,
Love and drinking pleasures.

II.

When the toils of war are o'er,
Love's the hero's duty.
Choicest gifts of fortune's store,
Wine and smiling beauty!
Sober mortals, cease to rail;
All your rules are musty.
No; — the ills of life prevail,
Only when we're thirsty!

SONG.

Andante. *Reichardt.*

Thy i - mage, dear - est maid, my ra - vish'd eyes still see; and

ma-ny a tear they shed, A - las, that 'tis not thee! When ev'n - ing's

shades pre - vail, and Cyn - tia decks the sky, I

fond - ly sigh and wail; — in vain I wail and sigh! By

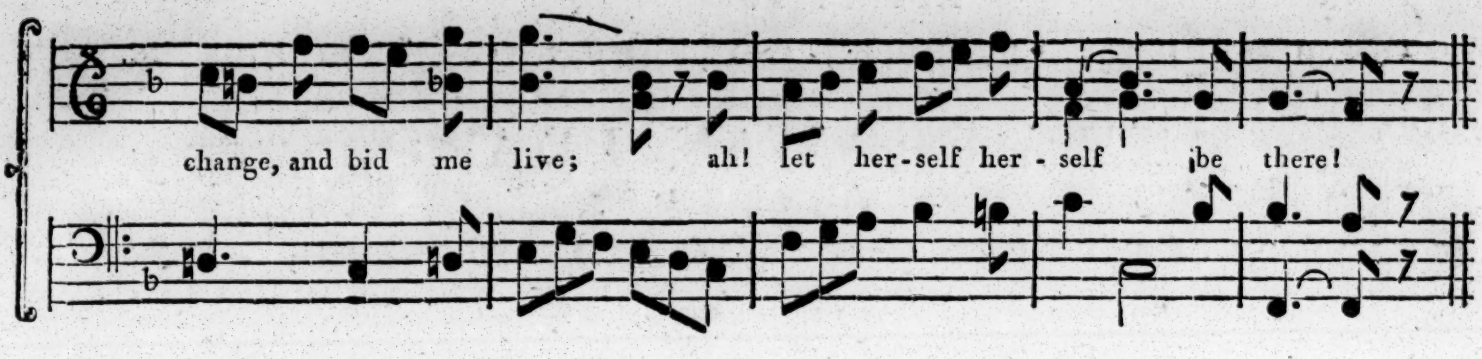
Vivace.

yon - der myr - tle bow'r, where blooms her des - tin'd wreath; By

ev - ry beauteous flow'r, that adds its fra - grant breath; dear form, no

more, no more de - ceive, the guile - ful task for - bear; — O

change, and bid me live; ah! let her - self be there! O



I.

THY image, dearest maid,
My ravish'd eyes still see;
And many a tear they shed,
Alas! that 'tis not thee!
When ev'ning's shades prevail,
And Cynthia decks the sky,
I fondly sigh and wail; —
In vain I wail and sigh!

II.

By yonder myrtle bow'r
Where blooms her destin'd wreath;
By ev'ry beauteous flow'r,
That adds its fragrant breath;
Dear form, no more deceive;
The guileful task forbear:
O change, and bid me live; —
Ah! let herself be there!

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Could Fanny's charms be barter'd,	*(Ach, könnt ich Molly kaufen)*	Bürger.	XII.
Love, from those bright eyes imparting,	*(Wenn die Lieb' aus ihren etc.)*		XIV.
Ah! how sweetly love	*(Ach, was ist die Liebe,)*	Götter.	XIX.
Sweetly blooms the op'ning rose,	*(Schön sind Rosen und Jasmin.)*	Weisse.	XX.
The lark was up, serene the day,	*(Die Lerche sang, die Sonne schien)*	Voſs.	XXII.
Say, who would mope in joyless plight,	*(Wer wollte sich mit Grillen etc.)*	Hölty.	XXIV.
To Stephen in a dream,	*(Zu Steffen sprach im Traume)*		XXVI.
All bereft of love and wine,	*(Ohne Lieb' und ohne Wein)*	Weisse.	XXVIII.
Thy image, dearest maid,	*(Dein süſses Bild, o Lyda!)*	Klopstock.	XXIX.

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